

THE  
STROLERS. *K*

A  
FARCE,

As it is Acted at the  
THEATRE ROYAL in DRURY-LANE,

BY

HIS MAJESTY'S Company of Comedians.

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*Totus Mundus agit Histrionem.*

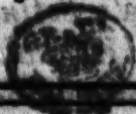
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THE THIRD EDITION.

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To which is added,  
A New PROLOGUE and EPILOGUE, Spoken by  
Miss ROBINSON, *Jun.* at the Head of her  
*Lilliputian* Company.

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# PROLOGUE.

Spoke by Miss ROBINSON, Jun. in Boys Cloaths.

*A*W'D by the Fears that damp a Bashful Maid,  
 I chose to face you thus in Masquerade;  
 For Females (you declare) are ill at Speeches;  
 'Tis true, and therefore I appear in Breeches.  
 And let my carping Sex deny it still,  
 You Wives wou'd ever wear 'em by your Will.  
 Besides, I now assume a freer Air,  
 And Strut, and Stalk, like any Buskin Player.  
 Nor your rough Creatures of the Bearded Race,  
 Pretend I do your borrow'd Sex disgrace:  
 My Innocence no Stain to Manhood brings;  
 And Beaus, like me, are pretty harmless Things.  
 If your Indulgence now befriends my Cause,  
 I may in Time, perhaps, deserve Applause,  
 In Sager Years I may these Toys forget,  
 And shine a Tragick Queen, or gay Coquet.  
 At fair Monimia's Softness may I aim,  
 Or Cleopatra's Fire exalts my Fame:  
 Then shall your generous Souls be nobly fir'd,  
 And praise that Merit which your Selves inspir'd.



EPI.

## EPILOGUE.

Spoke by Miss ROBINSON, *Jun.* as Captain  
of the *Lilliputians*, at the Head of her Com-  
pany.

**HALT!** Halt! *you Slaves, you're now at my  
Command,*

*Then march no farther; Oon's, you Rascals stand.  
We Captains, when Recruiting, speak 'em fair,  
But bully when the Wretches listed are.*

*Thus Arm'd, I cast a Terror all around;  
Then what proud Spanish Foe dares stand his  
Ground?*

*They tell me, Joan of Arc, a Gallic Dame,  
(In days of Yore) acquir'd Immortal Fame;  
When she her Weapon from her Scabbard drew,  
The boldest Hero from her Fury flew.*

*What! tho' my Statute do not high advance,  
I dare as much as any Maid of France:  
To please this gentle, generous Circle here,  
I wou'd in various Shapes each Night appear.*

*In Breeches now, then Petticoats be seen;  
From Prince, and Page, to little Harlequin.  
The Gift of Changing Proteus I'd inherit;  
One Day with Falstaff, and the next a Spirit.*

*Yet, I must own, the Breeches please me most,  
Tho' in the Wearing, my weak Sex is lost.  
To leave these Breeches will give wond'rous Pain,  
If Fate e'er loads me with the Marriage Chain:*

## EPILOGUE.

*Therefore good Spouse must let me wear 'em still,  
 My Reason's good——It is——because I will.  
 They give me such a bold and manly Air,  
 That I can think of nothing else but War.  
 Therefore, I never will resign my Post,  
 But hast with these to reach the Spanish Coast :  
 No Fear of Danger shall our Courage alter ;  
 We'll die with Pleasure to defend Gibraltar.  
 When flying Fame proclaims my Forces nigh,  
 The bravest Spaniard will for Safety fly.  
 So the great Julius, General of Rome,  
 Swift as the Fates, Came, Saw, and Overcome.*



## Dramatis Personæ.

<i>Sir Barnaby Bindover,                      Captain Carbine,                      Macabone,                      Jeremy,                      Fidelia,                      Betty Kimbow,</i>	<i>Mr. Griffin.                      Mr. Bridgewater.                      Mr. Miller.                      Mr. Oates.                      Mrs. Tenoe.                      Mr. Harper.</i>
<i>Buskin,                      Truncheon,                      Spangle,                      Mrs. Buskin,</i>	<div style="display: flex; align-items: center;"> <div style="font-size: 4em; margin-right: 10px;">}</div> <div style="display: flex; flex-direction: column; align-items: center;"> <div style="margin-bottom: 10px;">Strolers.</div> <div style="margin-bottom: 10px;">Strolers.</div> <div style="margin-bottom: 10px;">Strolers.</div> <div style="margin-bottom: 10px;">Strolers.</div> </div> <div style="font-size: 4em; margin-left: 10px;">{</div> <div style="display: flex; flex-direction: column; align-items: center;"> <div style="margin-bottom: 10px;">Mr. Cibber, jun.</div> <div style="margin-bottom: 10px;">Mr. Shepard.</div> <div style="margin-bottom: 10px;">Mr. Corey.</div> <div style="margin-bottom: 10px;">Mrs. Willis.</div> </div> </div>

*Country-Gentlemen, Ladies, Strolers, &c.*



THE  
STROLERS.

SCENE, *an Inn.*

*Enter Carbine and Kimbow.*

*Carbine.*

'S Death, was ever such a String of  
Disappointments! But Sir *Barnaby*  
*Bindover's* Aversion to me, and that  
*Irish Rascal's* Treachery must kill  
my Hopes! Poor *Fidelia*!

*Kim.* I verily believe there must  
be Conjurat[i]on in't, or Things could never fall  
out so cross.

*Car.* I believe, Dame, the Devil has nothing  
to do in't at all — but that my good Genius has  
thrown all these Rubs in my way, to prevent my  
Destruction. I am a younger Brother, and *Fide-*  
*lia's* a Beggar if she marries without her Father's  
Consent — therefore, upon chooler Thoughts, I  
see no Business that we two have together.

*Kim.* Nor I truly, Sir — but I durst not take  
upon me to 'vise you — Ah, noble Captain, I know  
two or three buxom Widows, not a hundred Miles  
off, that wou'd lick their Lips at such a proper  
fine Gentleman.

A 3

*Car.*

*Car.* But then, who can be poor, and possess so much Beauty——Let me indulge a little poetical Rapture——Can't I fancy her Hair the Gold of *Pactolus*; her Teeth, Rows of Orient Pearl; each of those Eyes a Brilliant of more Value than the Great Duke of *Tuscany's*——Is not all *Arabia* in her Breath, and in her Embrace the *Indies*?

*Kim.* Why, lack a day, there 'tis now——this same *Cupid* does so run in your *Perioranium*——Have not I Brandy and Beer enough in my Cellar——Can't your Honour drink the little Whoresbird away?

*Car.* A pretty way truly of forcing a Trade. So, thou wou'dst throw me into a Calenture, to cure me of a Frenzy.

*Enter Robin.*

*Rob.* Mistress, they want to pay in the *Swan*, and a Pint of Purl in the *Dolphin*: and yonder's Mr. *Buikin* the stroling Actor, with his Company, just lit out of their Waggon.

*Kim.* Living Sirs! What, my old Friends! I han't seen 'em these two Years——Set on the Porridge Pot, and d'ye hear! bid the Maid make six Tragedy Dumplings. *[Exit. Rob.]*

*Car.* Hold, *Betty*——What are those Strolers that are come to your House?

*Kim.* Poor merry People, Sir, that live by their Wits, and go about the Country to and agen. Some of 'em have got such a nack of that Pottry, that they are always speaking in Varfes, far above my Compacity. Your Honour will pardon me, I must go wait on 'em. *[Exit.]*

*Car.* A Stroling Company! This may be of some Use to carry on my Design——tho' such a train of Disappointments wou'd make any *Quixote* despair, but my self.

*Enter*

*Enter Jeremy with a Letter.*

Ha, honest *Jeremy*, what brings you hither! how does my Friend thy good Master?

*Jer.* I left him well, Sir, three hours ago—he has dispatch'd me to your Honour with his Service, and this Letter, an't please you.

*Car.* Ha! it must be matter of Importance, if he sent you Express hither——

Dear Ned,

*I am informed that one Patrick Macahone, an Irishman, who deserted from me with his Horse and Accoutrements, has been some time entertained as a Domestick by your Neighbour Sir Barnaby Bindover; he is a red-hair'd, well-set, middle-siz'd, Fellow, about thirty, and has very much of the Brogue. If my Intelligence be true, in securing him you will oblige your sincere Friend and Servant.*

Charles Plume.

How, my Friend *Macahone* a Deserter---this is still better and better---to have my revenge of the Dog, will be some Satisfaction, tho' I get nothing else by it---but who knows---it may turn to my Advantage another way---No Man has so great an Influence over the Knight as that Rascal. Well, *Jeremy*, I suppose you know partly the Contents of this Letter.

*Jer.* Something about a Deserter I heard the Colonel say-----who he suspects is a Servant at the great House just hard by.

*Car.* 'Tis even so, *Jeremy*-- and it may lie in thy Pow'r to do us both a great piece of Service. Wer't thou ever in *Ireland*?

*Jer.* Three Years, an't please your Honour.

*Car.* Thou hast the Brogue then a little sure?

*Jer.* As well as any Teague of 'em all, Sir, if that can do your Honour any Kindness.

*Car.* It may, *Jeremy*---the greatest imaginable---we must go a cunning Way to work with this Rascal: his Master's a Man of Authority, has a Value for the Rogue, and will never deliver him, that's certain, for he hates our Cloth heartily; you must therefore go to the House, enquire for the Knave, under the plausible Colour of being his Countryman--he's a true half-witted Bog-trotter, and 'twill be a matter of no great Difficulty to draw him in hither, to drink---Ply him with Liquor, get out his whole History---I will hear all from a Corner, and then secure him---Run, fly, lose no Time, honest *Jeremy*--and depend upon a Return suitable to your Services.

*Jer.* I am at your Honour's Devotion, and will give a good Account of the Rogue, never fear, Sir, let me alone for playing my Part. [Exit.

*Car.* I shall run thro' as many Labours, o'my Conscience, as *Hercules*---to come at this Girl---'twill be hard if I should lose her at last---May this be my *ne plus ultra*, I beseech *Venus*---for I begin to grow heartily weary---Ha! I see the Heroes moving this Way---bless me, what Figures! faith they need not open their Mouths, for their very Dress and Mein is a Farce---I'll step aside and observe their Motions a little. [Exit.

Enter *Buskin*, *Mrs. Buskin*, *Truncheon*, *Spangle*.

*Span.* I tell you, Brother *Buskin*, we shall never be able to reach *St. Albans* to-night---our Fore-Horse is quite founder'd.

*Bus.* Why then, Brother *Spangle*, we'll only go to *Dunstable*.

*Span.* Why then, so we had better---yonder's poor *Mercury* will never keep Pace with us else---he had need have two Wings, I am sure---for he has lost both his Heels.

*Bus*



*Bus.* His Shoes shall be repaired.

*Span.* Deep Roads and dark Nights are my Aversion---and then too, these villainous Highwaymen have no more regard for Heroes and Princes, than for Graziers and Pedlars. Suppose they should make bold with our Exchequer, and Wardrobe, behind some convenient Hedge---wou'd it not be a most doleful Catastrophe?

*Bus.* Vile Beggary, and Ruin would ensue.

*Trun.* Base Recreant, can'st thou have a Thought so poor,

When *Truncheon*, vallant *Truncheon*, is thy Guard;  
Whose single Arm has slain so many Thousands?  
What Highwayman or bold Foot-pad shall dare  
Approach our Cart, while I with loaded Blunderbus  
Trot by, upon our eyeless Sorrel's Back?

*Bus.* Who doubts thy Valour, most Heroick Brother  
Of which so lately we have seen a Proof. (ther!  
When thou didst break the sawey Landlord's Head,  
And sit so like a *Cesar* in the Stocks.

But let me tell thee, where there lies at stake  
Such vast Variety of pompous Rags,  
Mantles and spangled Robes, and Copper Crowns,  
With *Bristol's* fairest Diamonds enrich'd,  
To hazard all upon thy single Prowest,  
Wou'd argue me too rash---It must not be.  
Our Brother *Spangle* has been lately in the Powdering Tub,

My Queen's with Child, and I have got the Gout.

*Enter Carbine.*

*Car.* Gentlemen, I am your humble Servant---  
Madam, your most obedient---nay, *sans Ceremony*,  
or I vanish---this is my Home---I presume by your  
Habits that you are Itinerant Players.

*Span.* Yes, Ubiquitarians, and please your Honour

nour---the only Performers in England---that keep up to the original Rules of the *Drama*---as t'was instituted first by the mighty *Thespis* our Founder--- Our Heroes, Sir, travel in Carts, eat in Carts, sleep in Carts, and sometimes make their Exits out of Carts.

*Car.* Your travelling Equipage is some what odd methinks, Gentlemen.

*Span.* You must know Sir, that Bitch Fortune gave us a proof of her Instability yesterday, by over-setting our Waggon; and so much of our Wearing Apparel being left with a Scowrer in a most filthy Pickle, we have been forc'd to make bold with some of our Theatrical Furniture.

*Car.* I conclude Sir, from that Majesty of Aspect, that you are some mighty Potentate.

*Bus.* Sir, you conclude right.

Crowns are as familiar to this awful Brow,  
As Caps of Flannel. Each revolving Sun  
Has seen me Vested with Imperial State.

And that rich Ore,  
Of which the Vulgar so profanely make  
Sauspans and Kettles, Candlesticks and Pots,  
Is melted into Diadems for me.

What Mighty Monarch sleeps there in his Urn,  
That has not at some time reviv'd in me!

I have been *Montezuma*, *Aurongo-Zebe*,  
Dread *Muley Meluch*, and Great *Mithridates*,  
*Phillip* of Spain, and *Pharamond* of Gaul:

And at this present, since you'd know my Titles,  
Am styl'd Great *Herod*, of *Judæa* King.

*Car.* I kiss the hem of your Majesty's Garment.  
This Lady I presume then is---I wou'd kiss her  
Hands, if I durst be so bold.

*Bus.* Touch her soft Lip, and welcome.

*Car.* But I don't see the Princess.

*Bus.* The Princess, Sir, by chance slept in the  
Mire, And

And dries her Stocking by the Kitchen Fire

*Car.* You Sir, shou'd be some Son of *Mars* by that Heroic Deportment.

*Trun.* A braver Soldier treads not Leathern Shoe. I have been *Alexander, Hector, Caesar, Godfrey of Bullioign* and sam'd *Hannibal*.

*Span.* Ay, and *Jack Falstaff* too, Sir; 'tis his Master-piece I'll assure you.

*Trun.* The Giants and the Monsters I have slain.--

*Span.* Ay, and the Pigs and Turkeys thou has steln.

*Trun.* Are more in Number than th' *Arabian Sands*,

The Bards of *Grubstreet*, or Duke *Humphry's* Guests.

This Basket-hilt protects wrong'd Innocence,

Orphans, distressed Maids, and injur'd Widows.

*Span.* And is of very great use to carry Milk in.

*Enter Kimbow and Drawer.*

*Kim.* Seore that Quartern of Brandy in the *Half-Moon*, and be sure froth those Mugs as I bid you. Alackaday Mr. *Buskin*, I hope you will pardon this Rudeness--I have been call'd away so by one Body or other, that I cou'd not welcome you and your Friends.

*Bus.* Why then found all your Instruments of War, For *Betty Kimbow* still breathes vital Air.

*Car.* Is it not something Astonishing to see this Familiarity between a Crown'd Head, and blue Apron?

*Kim.* Oons! why *Robin* you Son of a Bitch--what, have the Gentlemen no drink yet--but now I think on't agen, Mr. *Buskin*, this Room is too cold--I have a Fire an 'twere to Roast an Ox here within--Come I will shew you the way, and warrant you as good Liquor, as ever was tipt over Tongue--here is choice I'll assure you--Brandy,

dy, October, Stout, Bottle and Pint, *Burton, Darby, and Nottingham.*

*Bus.* Why then dear *Bess*, *October* let it be,  
Crown'd with a Toast, and fit for thee and me,  
[Exit.

*Car.* A Word with you if you please, Sir,

*Span.* With me! I am at your Service; pray what is your Pleasure?

*Car.* You look, Sir, like a Person that can give one a rational Answer——as for your Illustrious Allies there, the King and the Hero, what for the Majesty of one, and the Terror of the other, I have not the Boldness to ask 'em a Civil Question. Your purpose, I understand, is only to bait here, *En Passant.*

*Span.* Nothing more indeed Sir, we are transitory Princes.

*Car.* Cou'd not you prevail upon your Brother Potentate now to oblige this Inn with a Day or two's Residence?

*Span.* But where is the least Prospect of a tolerable Audience, noble Commander? Excepting your Self, and these honourable Gentlemen of the Boot, whom we must admit I suppose upon Courtesy——Is there any Thing here that bears the Face of a Gentleman?——It wou'd be profaning the *Ruskin* to tread in it for the Diversion of Peasants.

*Car.* Psha! you don't apprehend me——my Design is, that you shall go and ask Leave of Sir *Barnaby Bindover*, to perform in his Hall for the Diversion of him and his Family this Evening——If he grants your Request, and you will undertake to oblige me, I have twenty of these Singing Birds here at your Service.

*Span.* Twenty Guineas! they are twenty Tropes of *Ciceronian Rhetorick*. Sir, I'll engage for the Per-



Performance, with the Proviso the Knight gives his Consent.—Is he a Man to be prevail'd upon?

*Car.* Yes, like most Fools in Office, with a little obsequious Flattery—then tell him he shall be diverted Gratis, which will be an irresistible Argument.

*Spang.* Sir, if I don't bring it about, may I be degraded into a Candle-Snuffer.—Your Honour has, I suppose, a particular View in this Enterprize—but that, Sir, your obedient Servants have nothing to do with—now, what Play wou'd you have? that's the Quere.

*Car.* Hold, let me consider.

*Span.* What think you of *Jephtha's* rash Vow, or the History of King *David*, with the merry Humours of *Goliath*, translated out of High Dutch?

*Car.* No, no, Mr. *Spangle*, I remember at *Worcester*, about a Twelve-Month ago, I saw a very pretty Tragedy of one Act, perform'd, if I mistake not, by this Identical Company, to the Admiration of all the Spectators.

*Span.* You mean the Tale of *Andromeda*, Sir, I presume.

*Car.* The very same; I think I have the Part of *Perseus* pretty fresh in my Memory, and will act it myself. Now do you try to manage it so, that Sir *Barnaby* may let his Daughter perform that of *Andromeda*—and you shall give the Lady a private Hint of the Matter, if it's any ways possible.

*Span.* It shall be done Sir, in *Verbo Histrionis*—but you must dispense with all the Machinery—our Sea has lost six of its Waves, by the Carelessness of a Rogue of a Chamberlain, who set it on Fire—and our Planets are Uncomatible at the Bottom of our Waggon—among Flitches of Bacon, and *Gloustershire* Cheeses—we have a Mustard Bowl  
indeed

indeed to make Thunder, and our Fiddlers can find us Rosin for Lightning.

*Car.* You have a *Pegasus*?

*Span.* Yes, we have Sir, but more like the *Trojan Horse* than *Appollo's*, for a Regiment of *Greek Rats* have eat a hole thro' his Belly.

*Car.* No matter Why mayn't a pair of Jack Boots represent Riding, Mr. *Spangle*, as well as a Sword and Scarlet Ribbon does fighting?—So honest Bays says you know—have you ever a Monster?

*Span.* We have a Second-hand Dragon, that lost a Wing and two Claws in an Opera last Winter—but we'll furbish him up, never fear Sir.

*Enter Kimbow.*

*Kim.* Captain, Captain, wou'd your Honour be pleas'd but to step into next Room for a Moment, that Rogue *Macahone* is just coming hither along with the Colonel's Man. I wou'd give all my Rings for a knock at his Pate.

*Car.* Keep your temper old Fool, I have a trick to play him, that's worth twenty Beatings.—Go Mr. *Spangle*, don't lose a Moment, employ all your Rhetoric.

*Span.* Courage--never fear Sir, I have a soft Tongue and have but soft Heads to deal with. [*Exit*]

*Car.* Come, come away, *Bess*.—I must play least in sight. [*Exit*]

*Enter Jeremy, Macahone, Drawer.*

*Jer.* Well fait, will you be after drinking, good Countryman?

*Mac.* Tree Quarterns of *Usquebaugh Joy*, and bring it in a half pint Pot—fat think you, all in one Jug—go, run you little Tief you—we shall be a great while drinking out this half Crown, in plain dry Drink.

*Jer.*

*The STROLERS.* 25

*Jer.* And how far do you make it to *London* Shitty from this Place, Joy?

*Mac.* By my Shoul now, my dear, if it were well made, 'tis a good Forty Mile—but from *London*, to this plaash agen, it is not so far by a deal.

*Enter Boy, and fills.*

Are you Brewing the *Usquebaugh* you little Rogue, that makes you be such a long while? What a foolish Bribble Brabble Glas is here, it won't hold a Bumper.

*Jer.* Come, here is your Inclination now Joy—and what was the first Preferment that was upon you in *England*?

*Mac.* By my Shoul I was Gentleman of de Horse to a great Inn at *Canterbury*, and then they prest me for a Volunteer, to make me a brave Trooper Man, and just as we were going to put the fight upon the Rebels, my Horse run away with me, and I brought the first News of the Battel, before it was begun.

*Jer.* Don't stand preaching over your Jug—and how came you here Joy?

*Mac.* Why after I had sold my Horse, den did I meet upon de Road with this very good Gentleman; for we were both upon our Journeys the very same way Joy, and I took a fancy to him fait, and he to me, and so we bo't hired one another; and I discovered a Plot to carry his nown Daughter, by a deefil of a Captain here Joy, and am very much in his Urship's good Graces upon't.

*Enter Carbine, and Soldiers.*

*Car.* Mr. *Macabone*, your Servant—a pleasant Gentleman truly. Come, where are the Handcuffs?

*Mac.* What is the meaning of all this, Joy?

*Jer.*

*Jer.* Bit, by Saint *Patrick*, that's all, honest Countryman.

*Car.* This Intrusion's a little uncivil—but I only came to introduce these Gentlemen here to your better Acquaintance.

*Mac.* Ub bub boo, I know no Business they have with me, at all—what is it, I pray Joy?

*Car.* To secure you for a Deserter—in order to be remov'd as your Colonel shall direct, and try'd for your Life, Sir. We have your own Confession, and I think other good Evidence.

*Mac.* By St. *Patrick*, and I did confess nothing and you have no Evidensh here, but this Gentleman, and he will not be after hanging his countryman.

*Jer.* Faith but I will, my dear Friend.

*Mac.* Arra! Is not the Brogue upon your Tongue Joy—but, my Shoul it is upon your Face tho'—Arrah fait I will not be put in Prison, Joy, for all this—for my Master has his Majesty's Commission of the Peace, and I am a priviledg'd Parson.

*Car.* And I have his Majesty's Commission of War, and will secure you in spite of your Master's Teeth, you shall see.

*Mac.* And have you betray'd me then you *Englisk* Dog you? I will swear Treason against you too Joy, and one Rope shall serve for us both.

*Jer.* Faith Mr. *Macabone* you have plotted your self to the Gallows at last—you have hinder'd me of a Wife, and I will help you to a Halter.

*Mac.* Arra Captain, shall I have the Favour to put the Spaak upon your Honour's Worship one Mowent?

*Car.* To speak with me, Fellow? Psha, this is only a Trick to gain Time: Away with him.

*Mac.* Fait Captain, and I can make your Honour a great Service, for St. *Patrick's* nown sake do but hear me tree Words.

*Car.*



*Car.* Thou triflest.

*Mac.* In good fait, but I don't Joy — send those ribble rabble People away, and I'll tell you.

*Car.* It works beyond Expectations. [*Aside.*

Well, for once I will give you the hearing — Clear the Room all of you. [*Exeunt.*

But if I find any playing of fast and loose, do you mark me, to Prison you go, Sir, that Instant — What have you to say, Sir?

*Mac.* In the first Place, noble Captain — I beg your Honour twenty hundred thousand Pardons — for discovering your Assassination — with Madam *Fidelia*, and I will put you in a way to get Possession of her Person by some Stratagem or other, if you promise not to hang me, dear Joy.

*Car.* Were there any depending upon thee, tho' I can't answer it to the Service, I wou'd run the hazard of straining a Point — and if you prove as good as your Word, engage you a Pardon —

*Mac.* Why then by St. *Patrick* 'tis true, Sir, or may I never eat a Potato agen —

*Enter Spangle.*

*Span.* Noble Captain, I bring you joyful Tydings — I have manag'd it so that Sir *Barnaby's* mollify'd, and his Daughter acts *Andromeda*: as for our Company, it is at your Honour's Devotion.

*Car.* Nothing cou'd fall out more Apropos — you have laid the greatest of Obligations upon me — Hear now what I say, Mr. *Macabone*, I give you your Liberty on the Condition you do me all the Service you can — Don't flatter yourself with the Hopes that you shall get out of my Clutches by the Help of this Artifice — for I will have you so narrowly watch'd, that it shall be as impossible for you to make your Escape, as for your Master to think of

of protecting you — Go therefore, I shall stand in need of some of your Assistance anon — if I succeed, expect a Reward, if I miscarry, a Halter.

*Mac.* By my Shoul, Sir, trust me dis ounce, for as sure as I did run away with the King's Majesty's Horse, you shall carry off the Justice's Worship's nown Daughter; but I pray you, let both my two Hands be at Liberty that I may be able to walk up and down then.

*Car.* Come along, and they shall knock off your Irons.

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SCENE changes to a Hall in the Justice's House  
*Enter Sir Barnaby, Ladies, Gentlemen, Servants,  
&c. to see the Play.*

*Sir Barnaby.*

**L**adies and Gentlemen, your Servants, come take your Seats without Ceremony—the Play's just going to begin—You may think as indifferently as you please of the Matter, but we have got a Scene or two up I'll assure you — it will do your Hearts good to see the little Husfly perform the Princess *Dromedary*. Ha! I vow they are here upon us already — Sit you down any how—Silence —

*Trumpets.*

*Enter Buskin (as King Cepheus) Mrs. Buskin (as Queen) Fidelia (as Andromeda) and Carbine as Persus, with a Patch on his Eye, Jack-boots on, and Beveroy Coat.*

Ha! that's the Spark I suppose that they told me had got the black Eye by boxing with a Tinker at *Aislebury*—Silence —.

*Bus.*

The STROLEERS. 19

*Bus.* Most valiant, Sir, we beg your further Stay,  
At this our Court of *Ethiopia*,  
Where you have gain'd such Fame, and charm'd  
us all

By your high Worth, and Feats Heroical.  
We have not us'd you quite so ill, I trow,  
Tho' you have kept your self *incognito*;  
Nor shew'd so little Complaisance, I hope,  
That you shou'd thus uncourteously elope,  
Just when my Daughter's Wedding too is near  
*En verité* 'twould not be Cavalier.

Then pray pull off your Boots, and Beveroy,  
For, gentle Knight, you shall not go *Massey*.

*Car.* I must confess, great Sir, your Majesty,  
Altho' a Stranger to my Quality,  
Hath overwhelm'd me with Civility.  
I have been feasted at your Royal Table,  
Commanded all the Horses in your Stable,  
Where-e'er I went, your *Guards du Corps* ha' fol-  
low'd,

And your good Subjects tofs'd their Caps and hol-  
low'd.

But yet, great King, and Queen most *debonair*,  
And thou, O Princess so divinely fair,  
This Hour I'm forc'd to bid you all farewell,  
How loth, alas, no mortal Tongue can tell.  
My Things are all pack'd up in my *Valise*,  
My Horses wait, and I must post for *Greece*.

*Fid.* Altho' you have deny'd my Royal Sire,  
You'll yield, I hope, at least to my Desire.  
Sure, a young Princess cannot fear succeeding,  
With a fine Gentleman of your good Breeding.  
You can't refuse (since 'tis your Knightly Duty)  
To break one Lance in Honour of my Beauty.  
Nor must you go without a Wedding Favour,  
Of all our Courtiers none shall have a braver.

Then

Then too, besides Sir, if you must be jogging,  
Eat some Sack-poffet first, and throw the Stocking.

*Car.* O fairest Princess! Cause of all my Pain,  
*Andromeda* should never sue in vain.

But of your Nuptials tell not me alack,  
For 'tis like rubbing a gall'd Horse's Back.  
On you I doat, I own it on my Knees,  
In presence here of both your Majesties,  
And cannot brook to see this Form divine,  
Since Truth must out, in any Arms but mine.  
Therefore I go, lest Mischief shou'd ensue,  
And thus despairing take my last Adieu. [Exit.

*Mrs. B.* The Knight in Love!

*Bus.* And with *Andromeda*?

Why since 'tis so e'en let him go his Way,  
The Girl's betroth'd; my Royal Word is past,  
To-morrow Morn, Prince *Phineus* has her fast.  
And tho' this Stranger valiant be, 'tis true,  
My Duck, we know not what he is, nor who.

*Fid.* His Declaration has amaz'd me so,  
I almost doubt if it's a Dream or no.  
Oft have I seen his Eyes on mine intent,  
But am so young I know not what is meant.  
Oft I have heard him groan, and fetch a Sigh,  
But cou'd not guess, alas, the Reason why.  
Poor Man, I'm sorry for him heartily. }

*Enter Officer.*

*Off.* I come, Sir to acquaint your Majesty  
That *Neptune's* Daughter, Great *Cymodice*,  
Is with her Guard of *Trytons* at your Gate,  
Landed on all her Oceanick State.

*Bus.* Ha! is it so, I must run out and meet her.  
Sweet-heart, be sure with all Respect you treat her.  
Run, beat to Arms. [Exit. Sound here.

*Mrs. B.* The Nymph *Cymodice*,  
Princess of all our *Ethiopian* Sea.



The STROLLERS. 21

I wonder, Child, in this tempestuous Weather,  
What sudden Cause cou'd bring her Highness hither!  
*Fid.* Look here she comes.

[*Flourish of scurvy Trumpets.*]

*Enter Kimbow and Buskin, Servants with Baskets.*

*King.* A Rumour having pierc'd my Ears from Land,  
That this fair Lady's Nuptials were at hand,  
I take, O Royal Sir, the Liberty,  
Of coming to this great Solemnity—  
And in those Baskets bring you for your Table,  
Presents, I hope, that will be acceptable.  
Cod, Sturgeon, Salmon, Turbots, Crabs and Oysters,  
More than wou'd serve, next *Friday*, twenty  
Cloysters.

Cray-fish the like ne'er made a Soup at *Brawn's*,  
And living Lobsters guarded round with Prawns.  
But now, pray Ladies, let me see your Modes:  
Cadso, I see you've left off high Commodes.  
Since I was last Ashore 'tis fifteen Year,  
Bless me, what monstrous Petticoats are here!

*Mrs. B.* } *Fid.* } Ha, ha, ha. [Exeunt.

*Sir B.* Ha, ha, ha—What think you of this Brother *Pumkin*?

*Pum.* It is the comicallest Tragedy I ever saw in my Life.

*Bus.* Death and Confusion!

*Kim.* Am I then your Jest?

Well Sir, I thought I should have been your Guest,  
But since I find your Ladies so uncivil,  
I wou'd as soon stay Dinner with the Devil.

Away, my *Trifons*, carry back your Charge,  
And summon all my People to the Barge.

*Bus.* Great Nymph, I beg you will excuse this  
Blunder.

*Kim.*

*Kim.* Revenge it, Sir, I will, as sure as Thunder.  
Expect to hear from wrong'd *Cymodice*. [Exit

*Bus.* That furious Frown portends some Woe to  
me. [Exit.

*Sir. B.* So, let me see who comes in next—You  
must know, Ladies and Gentlemen, we are forc'd  
to skip a great deal of the Play, for want of their  
Machines, as they call 'em, and because I wou'd  
come to the Fighting as soon as possible.—

*Re-enter Buskin and Mrs. Buskin.*

*Mrs. B.* Lost and undone!

*Bus.* You Madam, and your Daughter,  
Are, I suppose, the Cause of all this Slaughter.  
The affronted Sea Nymph has a Monster sent,  
To make this Havock on the Continent.

[Noise of shrieking and roaring.

*Mrs. B.* Hark, how with Cries your Subjects  
rend the Welking,  
And Scamper just like Mice before *Grimalkin*.

*Enter Messenger.*

*Mes.* Great Sir, *Appollo's* Priest, at your Command,  
In his Pontificals is here at Hand.  
For to unfold, unto your Majesty,  
Which way you shall Appease *Cymodice*.

*Bus.* Has the God sent him here, with a Com-  
mission?

Let's go, and learn the Subject of his Mission.  
For else, Sweetheart, as sure as that's a Steeple,  
I shall a Monarch be, without a People.

*Pum.* This is the Devil of a Dragon, Sir *Barnaby*.

*Sir B.* Ay, Mr. *Pumkin*, and I have fifty of his  
Cousin-Germans quarter'd here in the Neighbour-  
hood—but let me see, what comes next.

“*Appollo's*

“ *Appollo's* Priest having acquainted the King  
 “ that nothing will appease *Neptune's* Daughter,  
 “ but giving up the young Princess to be devoured  
 “ by the Dragon, she is brought in by the four  
 “ Winds to be ty'd to the Rock.

Come, come, then, bring her in, and let's have the  
 Battle.

*Enter Spangle, Buskin, Mrs. Buskin, and Truncheon.*

*Span.* Fie, fie, where's the young Lady—this is  
 all wrong, Sir, all wrong—I wou'd not give a But-  
 ton for all the Performance.

*Sir B.* Body o'me—why Daughter, Daughter !  
 where can this Huzzy now be gone ?

*Enter Macahone.*

*Mac.* Arra, by my Shoul, and what is it your  
 Worship makes such a hubble bubble for, I pray ?

*Sir B.* Why, for my Daughter, you Rogue—  
 the Tragedy's quite spoil'd long of her now—  
 because she don't come.

*Mac.* By Shaint *Patrick*, and the Lady is gone,  
 and her Lover too Joy—I am sure I did let 'em  
 bot out of Doors my nown self.

*Sir B.* Out of Doors ! Marry Heav'n forbid.

*Mac.* Upon my Shoul now 'tis true, Joy—I did let them  
 out sure enough--for I thought it was part of the Play  
 --and I believe they are gone to be marry'd too, Joy.

*Sir B.* Marry'd ! What, by *Appollo's* Priest—  
 the Fellow's craz'd o'my Conscience.

*Mac.* No, by my Shoul Sir, but a good Protestant  
 Priest that is over the way at Mrs. *Kimbow's*—and  
 he is, after speaking a little Conjuratun upon 'em,  
 to make 'em one Bone, Joy.

*Sir B.* Thieves, Murder ! a Trick, a damn'd  
 Trick ! I am robb'd, bit, bamboozled, and ruin'd—  
 I'll

I'll have ev'ry Mother's Son of you hang'd, Kings  
Princes, and Heroes.

*Enter Carbine, and Fidelia.*

*Car.* Well, we have over-reach'd you at last, Sir—  
come, never look sourt, I am as much above fearing  
your Resentment, as I am above valuing your Money.

*Sir B.* Starve and welcome both of you—I have  
nothing to say to it, but shall take my Revenge of  
*Mrs. Kimbow*, my *Irish* Dog, and those Rascals.

*Car.* But I take 'em under my Protection, and will  
bring 'em off harmless in spite of your Teeth Sir.—  
Come my Angel—never hope he'll forgive thee,  
Marble will melt sooner—than the Heart of an Ufu-  
rer—the smallest Atom in that heav'nly Form is more  
to me than both *Indies*—I ask none of his Dirt.

*Fid.* Forgiveness, Sir, is all I ask—and I'll be  
rivetted to this Spot of Earth 'till I obtain it—I  
will, Sir, tho' you spurn me away.

*Sir. B.* Nature begins to plead strongly within  
me—she's the only Child I have left—then I will  
pardon her—Come Huzzy, thou'rt an Undutiful  
Baggage that's certain, but I can hold out no longer—  
Captain, your disinterested Love for my Daughter  
has gain'd upon me more than I am willing at this  
Time to acknowledge. Change your Quarters for this  
Tenement, and make it your home—I will think of  
Portion as I find you deserve one—Come Gentlemen  
let's forget and forgive, shake Hands, sing old Rose  
and be merry as Tinkers.

*Car.* I on my Knees return ten thousand Thanks, Sir

In some fam'd Plays, tho' the Design's forgot,  
Yet here you find the Play itself a Plot.



F I N I S.